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Author

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THE

MORAL FOR AUTHORS,

AS

CONTAINED IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

Eureka,

A MANUSCRIPT NOVEL,

AND DISCOVERED

BY J. E. TUEL,

AUTHOR OF "THE PROTEGE;" "PRISONER OF PEROTE;" "A REVIEW OF THE DIPLOMATIC POLICY OF THE MEXICAN WAR," ETC.

"Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti."—*Horace.*

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INTRODUCTION;

WHEREIN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

In submitting this "MORAL" to the reflection of the reader, a few words may not be inappropriate in explanation of its object, although there is no absolute necessity of divulging it through the chapter of apologies usually contained in an "Introduction."

There are so many intermediate points between a direct communication with the Public and myself—being an obscure bundle of Manuscripts without a name—that I deem it necessary to make a cross-cut over those who intercept us—viz.: the Authors, the Critics, and the Publishers—those three great subordinates upon the Railway of the Intellect—the mighty Press!

I am induced to adopt this plan, or take this route (somewhat out of the usual track), not from any hostility I bear this respectable monopoly, but in consequence of the crowded state of the Intellectual Cars on the different lines.

The locomotive power, rushing at such a desperate literary rate—throwing off so many thousand book-passengers in a day—and running over so many thousand Pedestrian readers in its speed—very much to the detriment of their minds if not in imminent peril of their lives—that I am admonished to adopt this precautionary method in travelling into the affections of the Public—I mean that of running over some of their old acquaintances, if not "accidentally killing" some of their particular friends!

If I have been over-zealous in sounding my rail-road whistle (otherwise my trump of Fame), in solicitude for the safety of some of the public's benefactors—the Publishers—to enable them to clear the track, they must not esteem it too great an immunity from the "fatal accident" of being run over with some of their passengers. They must

remember that if they are occasionally spared the reprimand of a public dinner for their discrimination in catering to the public taste, the authors have been equally complimented by merited marks of public chastisement for their stupidity in writing. In recording both compliments together, it will not I hope be considered invidious by either.

While enumerating these testimonials of approbation, I must be permitted, in justice to another worthy and much neglected subordinate on this line, to award my testimony of his uniform courtesy, and his amiable disposition to accommodate every one committed to his charge —I mean the Porter—otherwise called the "Critic." Having once entrusted his life to the Publisher, the author need have no fear of committing his reputation (that is his book baggage, liable to be stolen by any literary thief around the intellectual depot) to the charge of the "critic;" and when he s once sent, "with the compliments of the Publisher," to the care of the Public, under this critical porterage, he may rest assured of being safely delivered, "this side up," and read "with care."

But to drop the figure, instead of "going it," I must say, in as plain language as the magnificence of the subject will admit, that I record nothing in this "Autobiography" but what is intended for the benefit of its class, and through it, to use a social expression, for the "general good." In making this declaration I do not wish to be understood as speaking in the confident tone of a Teacher—no! but with the timidity and caution of a hard though unrewarded student.

In this "Confidence" the disappointments of the efforts of early struggles are endeavored to be suppressed, and not attempted to be merged into a grievance with which the public should have any sympathy. In treating them in a calmer moment with a deserved severity by a rigid examination and self-chastisement, is perhaps the most humiliating punishment they could receive for a sensitiveness wrought upon by high anticipations of success and followed by repeated disappointments. Their cold rejection by those upon whose sympathies they could rest no claim in soul or mind is nothing. The author of my being has yet to boast of many failures, for he has manliness enough to attempt to achieve many triumphs.

J. E. T.

MORAL I.

THE MORAL FOR AUTHORS;

OR

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MANUSCRIPT NOVEL.

MORAL I.

Born in an "*attic*"—from an inkstand fed,
On foolscap first I laid my infant head;
Not having *feet*, like Poetry, to walk
My first Essay in Life was how to talk,
But this the fates denied me, so I sought
The public breast to wean myself from thought!
This once determin'd, with a magic art
As black as Erebus I made a start,
And wander'd ebbing up and down the stream
Of struggling life, like Passion in a dream,
Until I came unto a giant wall
Whose massive gates of black were barr'd to all
Save those who call'd in awe a mystic name,
Whose sound was echo'd by the trump of Fame!
Upon this portal huge with iron bars
Were written names of fire enshrin'd with stars;—

Some proudly bright—some fading fast away,
Some shedding lustre for a distant day—
Some look'd a nail within an iron gate,
Whose head was Genius strong impell'd by Fate ;
Some rusting in their strength—some breaking fast
Their rays of Glory from the fleeting Past !
Some pointing to the future with a hand
That traced their glory built on grains of sand !
Around these stars were circled in their right
The brilliant works which each had brought to light—
The triumphs of the Pen—the deeds that bind
The rolling ages to the God-like mind !
I gazed enraptured on the brilliant throng—
Kings of Romance and Cavaliers of Song,
And as I trac'd the awful scroll of Fame,
I ask'd with trembling lips to write my name.
At this bold word a sprite with fearful hand
And awful body pointed to the band,
And open'd wide his dragon mouth to show
A set of shark-like teeth—a frightful row ;
Then utter'd with a solemn witty mien—
That those who enter'd last must first be seen,
And being seen, must afterwards (he said)
By those above in scrutiny be read.
I told the dragon bold I'd enter in—
(My faults were few in years—my body thin)
Without the awful gaze and look of those,
Who sleep in Poetry and dine on Prose—
That were I once to meet their dazzling sight
My brilliant thoughts of fire would change to night.
" It matter'd not—these men were tender all—
Some ' were younger once' and none would fall

So far below the standard of their Fame
As to be jealous of another's name."
  Persuaded by the Dragon's charms, I asked
The sum he'd pay me should my comet, bask'd
In the bright beams of this majestic sun,
Through the wide world of letters have "a run!"
  He shook his head—which seem'd to mean that *tale*
Of a new novel comet rhymes with "fail;"
But soon recovering from his fit, he stept
Towards a shelf where divers authors *slept*,
And 'midst the number pointed to the fate
Of those who, never sleeping, rarely ate—
And said, as to a group he signal made,
"These are the authors who are richly paid."
"But why so poor of head and limb so gaunt,
Their very presence seems the place to haunt,
Like ghosts that walk, like Hamlet's, in the night,
To tell their wrongs to some be-letter'd wight."
  "This is the cause!" and here the Dragon took
Down from the shelf (or out the tomb) a book—
And op'ning wide its shroud, wherein was laid
In hot-press'd sheets the substance of a shade,
"Look here!" he cried; "this is the cause of all—
The cause whereof great authors rise and fall:
This skull was stolen from a churchyard o'er
The waters deep on England's distant shore—
The brains cost nothing and the labor less,
And why we *buy* them Yankee you can *guess*."
  Thus were exhum'd full many noble heads
That slumber'd *softly*, some on pine-board beds;
And as I linger'd o'er these relics vast
I gave a *critique* passing on each pass'd.

"Here is the Knight of Chivalry and Love,
The Saxon Harold—how he soars above
The tamer few in brilliant prose and verse,
The sparkling novel and the Epic terse!—
Th' heroic age has found in his a pen
To paint its spirit bold and gallant men!
The grace of beauty and the pomp of Life
In courtly arts and battle's deadly strife—
The lover's soul or woman's gentler heart
Have all in Harold play'd a master's part.
So skill'd is he in all the art to trace
An angel's features on a sinful face,
That while he gives to passion's inmost soul
The impulse high that brooks no tame control,
He stoops at times his own exalted power,
And gives to Vice what should be Virtue's dower."

But not alone in Cadmus' honor'd art
Have Vice and Virtue borne an equal part.
There live of men some who have madly thrown
The brilliant gifts which nature hath bestown
In lavishness upon some dazzling sin
Whose glittering guilt their hearts' approval win;
And all the efforts of a gifted mind,
With Genius' fire and Talent's depth combin'd,
Have been perverted to some evil end
With which a show of seeming good might blend.

The potent strength a Cæsar's arm might wield
And from Destruction's host a Country shield,
Hath by the sway of stern Ambition's power
Obey'd its impulse in an evil hour.

To win the semblance of a living name
To gain a niche upon the mount of Fame,
Some have rashly tho' it were of shame.

A spirit such as this the Youth inspir'd
When his hand the Ephesian Temple fir'd,
And sent his mem'ry with the brilliant crime
Ignobly in its flight to endless Time!

While these reflections (somewhat out of place)
Were crowding on me, onward flew the race
Of struggling authors battling for the mind,
Some far ahead and others far behind,
Until at length the eye began to view
The many fall beneath the stronger few.

Of these, conspicuous in the mental fight
(I pray my Muses' pardon for this flight,
But metaphor in Poetry's like Life,
It rushes rapidly from race to strife),
Was one who fiercely stood the brunt of foes,
Who battled nobly and who parried blows
With human vices and for human woes!
But with his strength to wound he lacked the skill
To make his Satire through his Malice kill,
For while it raised in him a deadly bile
It only serv'd to raise in us a smile.
Apart from this he had a pow'r to throw
The broadest Humor into deepest wo—
Pathetic wit and weeping laughter steer
Alternately between a sigh and tear—

His manly Nickleby and dismal Rudge
Began a tale of wit to end in Fudge!
So vers'd peculiar was his vein to start
The lips to smiling while it writh'd the heart—
To clothe in raiment sorrow stol'n from joy
Like gentle Florence in her dark decoy—
To make the beautious and the frightful join
In features same as portions of the loin,
That if his name was plac'd upon a tomb
(Which God forbid should happen very soon)
And all his works in one deep coffin laid,
Which heaven grant may be in pity paid
Much more in Mercy there than shillings here
(For Mercy all we crave upon our bier),
Were this the case and all his works and name
In fun'ral rang'd and follow'd on by Fame,
And mourn'd by thousands whom he never knew
All bending o'er to take a last fond view
Of Dombey's Son and Captain Cuttle's hook
That held the *end* of Dickens' longest book—
They'd write and look in tears of sadness on't,
(While Captain Cuttle sure'd take a note on't,
This is our Master Dickens' epitaph'd
He wept o'er vices and at follies laugh'd.

While gazing thus upon this motley throng
Of visions strange—another pass'd along:
A horse it strode of black with whitish face,
That "ambled" gently at a gallop pace:
This vision gentle was of tender age
That rode the horse at ease throughout this page

Some twenty years and two—perhaps some more—
Had flown above him—or some twenty-four—
(But certainly not more) and as he rode
(This man of twenty-four the beast he strode),
He met a maid escorted by a groom,
A bud of beauty op'ning just in bloom,
And just in time to make a heroine fair
With dark blue eyes and flowing chestnut hair,
And just *immediately* before the hour
The sun goes down behind a ruin'd tower!
  Beside the hero's youth and forehead fair
He had a slight moustache—or rather pair—
Which curl'd up at both ends like smoke in air;
He had, beside the slight moustache, a form—
A form to which Adonis' had been shorn
Of all his beauty rare, had it not been
For shoulders wide and body somewhat thin.
  Despite of these defects—this youth—this lass—
This ambling beast—this sun—and mountain pass—
Have found their fond adorers who admire
The sunny style devoid of force and fire; [rains—
  And wherefore not? Since storms—and seas—and
And murky clouds and youths with rattle brains
Have founded dismal schools and fearful sights,
Why should not they be read when Darnley writes?

  Next saunters by an exquisite of taste,
Of robust mind but somewhat run to waste;
Who planted seeds of novelettes to show
What aged books from youthful efforts grow,
(And stem'd the tide of Eloquence to know
How vapid streams from bubbling fountains flow.)

He soon discover'd by a brilliant hit
In Parliament, that tides are stem'd by wit;
And that to ride the whirlwind of a storm
Sown in the Commons is to raise "Reform."
So after making a set speech he took
A Poet's pen to write a Statesman's book,
And gave his hero PREMIER such a mind
As one would almost in Lord RUSSELL find;
With deepest lore he made him vers'd in all
The arts to tell how Nations rise and fall—
And blended knowledge rare with startling fate
To rule o'er woman as he ruled in State;
Thus showing plainly how each maiden age
Can well be govern'd by a *beau-monde* sage,
He strikes a rolling tide in Fashion's flood
And blends a Statesman with a dashing blood;
In this career our Hero storms away,
Success to it—to him—and VIVIAN GRAY!

When VIVIAN fled another vision came,
Upon whose age his own hath stamp'd its name;
But an enigma to all future time
No one can make it either prose or rhyme.
A Modern Thought set in Antique Style
Dug up from ages buried is CARLYLE.
A stranger 'midst the throng who search'd of yore
For hidden treasures in the mystic ore,
He never cares to separate the bright
And worthless mental dross he brings to light,
But melts them all in one fantastic mould
Which forms a diamond rough set blunt in gold!

But in despite of every crude defect
He cuts in Cameo each opposing sect—
Marks how the Christian and the Crusade fought
To root the creeds from Earth the Saviour taught;
And after scanning each conflicting plan
That War has marr'd or Science taught for man,
He takes his ink of fire and pen of steel,
And *draws* a portrait on a chariot *wheel.*
Napoleon's brow—or Cromwell's lion heart
He breaks them both *in two* the giant's *part,*
And makes each limb, with Time, all bloody roll
Until, like Fate, they reach their destin'd goal;
Then gathering up the fearful lightning's blast
He strikes the "Present" with the thunder "Past!"
Such is the "Hero" whom we worship now,
The bust without Minerva's classic brow—
The Metamorphose of a Heathen age,
One half a Poet—th' other half a Sage—
Part seer in vision—part in vista blind,
A Sybil peering through a Human mind!

When this huge monster strange withdrew from sight
Another startling vision came to light—
It held a trump—the one great Tully says
On which the "Roman" play'd his "Ancient Lays."
Resounding this, its notes in one deep blast
Recall'd the visions which had lately pass'd,
And in a still and solemn vaulting strain
Its voice address'd them in a martial vein—
So pompous was its air and measur'd gait,
It look'd like Genius dead laid out in state!

"Ho! authors of Britannia! Ho! Legions firm and true,
Whose pens have ever stood by me as I have stood by you!
Come listen to me while I sing a legend of the Day,
When all the writers of the League were marshal'd in array;
And there in all their majesty before the deadly feud
Of rival heroes fierce commenc'd were in re-*verse* 'Review'd:'
There was Milton with his Cowley, and Byron with his Moore,
And Southey with his Nelson bold to guide his ship ashore;
There was Mills discussing logic, and Bentham chopping him,
And there was patient Dumont's brain—the hat without the brim;
There was Gladstone with his Church built on his granite State,
Succeeded by the Infidel Voltaire defying Fate!
There was burly Johnson disputing on a learned joint
Of mutton rare—and Bacon asserting some bold point—
There was Boswell in his glory basking in the sun
Of his idol's witty repartees recording every one—
There was Burke upon his eloquence soaring to the sky,
And Sheridan upon his horse, rearing very high—
There was Comedy and Tragedy, of ev'ry age and clime,
Shakspeare in his words of fire—Pope in his stately rhyme:
There was Tupper with his famous "Crock of California gold,"
And gems of precious proverbs rare—a mine of wealth untold.

There was Hunt, 'midst his Feasts of Song, and Shelly
in his pall,
And many other authors great, and many others small!
These authors all unto a Chief presented him a book,
Who from each one a leaf or so without compunction
took;
Then noting down each small defect, and praising high
some great,
He *on the heads* of all these men in solemn judgment
sate:
Posterity he quoted oft—a Law that's fram'd by time
To arbitrate the deeds of men before the Tribune Crime—
Cotemporary with the works of some he spoke the law,
And then to others he reveal'd a mystery or flaw—
These faults were all discovered by learning found or
knowledge lost
Beneath the ocean of the mind, where wrecks are nightly
toss'd;
And this Chief he was a wrecker upon the midnight shore,
Who gather'd up the fragments of past ages' scatter'd lore,
But with these he built him such a ship as ages rarely find,
So richly was it laden with the gifts of every mind—
And so superbly did it ride upon the ocean's tide,
It was a glory to the sea, and to the world a pride!

When this proud ship, which rules supremely o'er
Britannia's sea of knowledge, left the shore,
I found myself—so passing wild and strange
Was ev'ry scene within my vision's range—
Beneath its paper sails and letter'd deck,
From which the shore receded spec by spec;

At length we came within the vine-clad vale
Of sunny France, and furl'd our tatter'd sail,
Just as the storm of Freedom blew a gale!

There we were moor'd—or rather there was I—
For now my Muse without a helm must ply,
And soar from inky oceans to the sky!
In sunny France—the land of Wine and Blood,
Where Freedom stems with fire oppression's flood—
Which, spreading o'er the Nations, sweeps along,
Dethroning Monarchs with a whirlwind song!

Behold the strength of Genius, and the hour
Which gave the fearless pen the sword's great pow'r,
And from the darken'd scabbard of its art
Drew the fierce steel to strike the tyrant heart!
Behold the dark eternal mouth that throws
Its thunder peals amidst opinion's foes,
And, with the falchion's flash and cannon's roar,
Spreads fearless thought from distant shore to shore!
Behold the engine of the soaring mind.
That draws from darkness light to guide the mind—
That teaches reason to the trampled herd,
And makes the hand once chain'd in freedom fear'd!
Behold the Press! the bulwark of the free,
As strong on land as billows on the sea—
The stalwart weapon of the giant will
For good almighty—omnipotent for ill!
And ye great vot'ries of the mystic art,
Whose daring pens have play'd the hero's part—
Ye! who have made the Revolution world,
And from the People's height oppression hurl'd—

Ye who have battled with the Tyrant throng,
With Reason's arm or Lyric's stirring song—
Ye men of Germany and sons of France,
A Nation hails thee in thy proud advance!

May thy great work of Liberty and Right
Be strong to teach, without the pow'r to blight!
Let its broad volume have each brilliant page
Of those who framed and bound it in the age—
Give it Arago's mind—Lamartine's soul
To watch the stars and sea of State control;
But oh! let not their hopes of glory high
Fall like a star from Freedom's dawning sky!
In its strong lines Beranger's beauty throw
To mingle strongest words with gentlest flow—
Give it the dazzling fire of brilliant Sue,
Without the lurid flames to glare the view—
The master pow'r, without the tedious length,
To blend with beauty Dumas' grace and strength.
And when it gains these features fair from France,
To fight the war of Truth with learning's lance,
Impart the German's with the Frenchman's tongue,
To mingle songs such as Freiligrath sung;
But with the German's give it not the pow'r
To mar the Present with the Future hour—
Altho' in searching each strong Reason out,
To master Error give it right to *Doubt!*
When this is done, print on its youthful face
The soul to love, not to despise our race,—
The port of Freedom, with its strength and grace!
May thy bold words, enkindled at the fire
Of Freedom's shrine, awake Hibernia's lyre

Yes, strike its lyre in notes of swelling song,
To sing in tears the Era mark'd by wrong—
Give to their Prophet sons the voice to say
The hearts that set in night shall rise in day—
Adorn its passion, that its soul may sit
Upon a throne of Light adorn'd with wit;
And then complete it with the spirit strong
That from Columbia's torrent sweeps along!

Then will its margin leaves be cover'd o'er
With giant oaks, an emblem of our shore—
And notes of music filling all the air,
Will tell how many Poets linger *there;*
Not "feathered songsters" of the wood and hill,
But birds who *write* their songs with their own bill,
(I would not have you think it a *goose-quill!*)
And *whistle songs* in "Independent" rhyme,
Like Edgar Poe's—Nat. Willis's—or Mine!
Or like great "Yankee Doodle's," in the tide
Of song on which "John Bull" and th' "old Cow" died.

END OF THE FIRST MORAL.

MORAL II.

PART II.

MORAL II.

Oh! "Yankee Doodle," at thy magic name
My muse is welcom'd back "*tu hum*" again—
Return'd from travel in a foreign strand,
It flaps its wings upon its native land—
Or "*raythcr*" from the blue of other skies,
It now above its own horizon flies.

Behold what bards of Fame it greets to-night!
Each one a star within its orb of light—
Reflecting glory on the tuneful Nine,
And on themselves and country when they shine!
And, as I gaze on high (at them) below,
I see my work of wonder made a show!
Where ev'ry scribe, well known or bad to Fame
Had claim'd the right to write his righteous name—
Behold the deed! When I had hop'd to gaze
High up to Heav'n, and find my name a blaze—
A comet blaze—to find this dismal row
Of *croaking* authors dire, led on by Poe,
All pecking at my lean and hungry book,
Some with a pen, and others with a hook—

The one to bleed, should it be charg'd with blood,
Th' other to hang, should it be reckon'd good!
They all had "read it," as the Dragon said,
And "spun" their critic "yarn" out to a "thread:"
And as he told me this, he swiftly flew,
But in his flight, he left me this "*Review:*"

Plutonian Shore,

Raven Creek, In the Year of Poetry

Before the Dismal Ages, A. D. 18—.

"Once upon a midnight dreary, as I ponder'd weak and weary
Over many a weary volume of recent published lore—
While I nodded o'er '*The Sleeper*,'* suddenly I heard a creeper,
As of some one peering deeper—deeper in my chamber door;
'Tis some author new, I mutter'd, or some other midnight bore;
Only this, and nothing more!

"Oh! distinctly I that volume do remember in its solemn
And sleepy double column, as it fell upon the floor—
Eagerly I wish'd to borrow from 'Cooper's last' of sorrow,
Or my own dark books of horror—horror for having more!
A sure-cure for the blues, which were darkly creeping o'er
My '*Dream*,' and nothing more!

"And the bleak and dread re-over turning of each volume cover,
Chill'd me—filled me with fantastic poems, never penn'd before—

---

* The name of one of Mr. P.'s poems.

So that, to still the rushing of my thoughts towards the head-in,
I said, ''tis an author sure, entreating entrance through the
key-hole door;
A waylaid child of Poetry on a midnight "bust," or more,
Or else some other bore.'

"Presently my pen grew fiery—hesitating an inquiry,
'Sir,' said I, (or Madman!) 'truly your late visit I deplore—
For the fact is, I'm inditing a piece of murky writing,
And so unseeming you came lighting, lighting on my chamber
door,
Which was never done before'—here he bolted in the door,
And sat down upon the floor.

"Then this strange trick beguiling my phrenzy into smiling,
By the cool audacious impudence his brazen features wore—
Tho' thy hat is old and napless, thou, I said, art sure not sap-
less,
Young and tender in thy hapless wand'rings from thy mother's
shore;
Tell me why thy *business* here is on this dark and dismal floor?
Quoth the Author, 'Read *this* o'er.'

"Much I wonder'd this ambitious youth to see an act so vicious,
Tho' its answer good deal meaning, I voted him a bore—
For we cannot help believing that no genius living grieving
Ever yet was blind in seeing a Manuscript read o'er
By the 'Reader' in a book-shop, or book-boy in a store,
Yet he cried on, 'Read it o'er!'

"Startled at the stillness broken by reply so greenly spoken,
Said I, 'Before like Poe you flutter you should like Bryant soar—

Forc'd from some disaster—perhaps you think to master
Something in the Markette faster—faster than was ever sold before,
Till the bird-en of your hopes is 'Read it o'er—read it o'er.'
Quoth the Author, 'Nothing more!'

"But the Author still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I plac'd the faded Manuscript in front of Author, book and door;
Then into its beauties sinking, I betook myself to thinking
What this young aspiring Author with his Manuscript, and more;
What this bold, presumptuous Youth, with his head bor'd through a bore,
Meant in saying, 'Read it o'er!'

"Thus I sat, engaged in reading, but no syllable revealing,
To the Youth, whose fiery eyes roll'd a fiery phrenzy o'er,
And o'er its pages turning, with thoughts of mystic learning,
I began a critique burning on its Mathews style and more,
When coming to a Chapter, which I heartily did deplore,
Cried the author, 'Read *it* o'er.'

"Then methought the style grew duller, and the hero rather fuller
Of thoughts which even Blue-pard never gloated o'er—
'Man,' I cried, 'thy brain has turn'd thee—by this chapter I have learn'd thee;
'Re-write—re-write—and re-*pen* thee these pages blotted o'er—
Take—oh! take it, and re-*pen-t* thee—and correct these pages more:
Cried the author, 'Read it o'er.

"'Author!' said I, 'Imp of Evil—Author great, or Good or Devil,
Whether Putnam sent or Harper toss'd thee here ashore,
Dull and stupid yet undaunted—on this sheet romantic wasted—
On this floor by volumes haunted—tell me plainly, I implore,
Is there—*is* there sense in this? tell me, tell me, I implore.
Quoth the Author, 'Read it o'er!'

"'Author!' said I, 'thing of peril—of paper, ink and ferrel,
By that Public which looks over us—by that Fame we both adore,
Tell this head with furies laden if, within the distant trade-en,
It shall find in man or maiden one to read its pages o'er,
And yet the chorus of your melody is "Read it o'er—read it o'er."
Quoth the Author, 'Nothing more!'

"'Be that word our sign of parting, Author, Fiend,' I shrieked, upstarting,
'Get thee back unto the Harpers on Cliff Street's Plutonian shore,
Leave no blank page as a token of that word thy tongue has spoken,
Leave my murky thoughts unbroken—quit the threshold of my door—
Take thy Manuscript "out" with thee and take thyself from out my door.'
Quoth the Author, 'Read it o'er!'

"And the Author never flitting still is sitting, still is sitting
On a bust of pallid Manuscripts just above my chamber door;
And his pen has all the seeming of an engine ever teeming,
And the smoke that's from it streaming throws his shadow on the floor

And the only words this engine repeats is 'Read it o'er, Read it o'er,'

And nothing more."

Like Portia's lover I at random run
And take from the casket jewels one by one!
So if my luck in choosing Fame should strike
A Poet's vein whose gold you do not like,
Ascribe the error to my Dragon muse,
Who gave me jewels to at random choose.

Book-dom, Vol. 6,

Before the Opera Age, A. D. &

——— *Verse.*

"What dost thou read fair one?
Is it a book of Poetry, or Love, or Plates,
Cut out by Fashion's matchless art? What color
Is its hue? Is it of lemon, of crimson bright,
Or purple blue? or, combining all in one,
Does it present a front like to a vest
Of gorgeous pattern—or of neckerchief?
"Who is the author dear,
Some one abroad, or some one living here?"
"Anonymous!" &c., &c., &c.
"Soul enlivening thought!
Some great *incog.* or princely exile sought
Our distant shore—where opera's—the play,
And all things gentle have their brilliant day!
Ah! me, I have its brilliances found—read on!

"No lady fair I'm sure
Indited those strong manly lines—nor delicate
Fibred child of melody with sunny eyes,
Drinking in Nectar, from Parnassus' fount—
No soft-head youth, I wean, living on air,
And Shrewsbury's wanton Naiads* and breathing
Fragrance from Japonicadom! Oh! take
It hence. Were it a girl, fair hair'd and mild,
A Fanny Forester or Greenwood's Grace,
Or any other fairy nymph, that roams
The thorny woods of verdant Literature,
I would pronounce or make it passing fair—
Or were it something from Count D'Orsey's pen,
Cut out in that exquisite letter'd garb—
Or something in the muslin *line*, or silk
Of Lady Blessington's, I'd give it go!
Sure 'tis as well to see a well-bred book,
As well-bred man or lady—a *distingué*
Air in Prose or Verse—a sauntering, jaunty,
Dilly-dally tone;—withal a pride of port,
Bespeaking lady fair or gentleman of *Ton*—
So when it serves its day and generation
(Should it survive a maiden *debutante*)
In Book-dom's *elite* and select circles,
It'll do for 'Belles of our Time" to curl
Their raven-hair and tresses on—a fine *exit*
For *debutantes* who make a *dashing* hit!

---

* Literally rendered oysters!

Banks of the Merry-mack,

Torrent-ville, Billow the 99th.

"Give me *my* Quaker hat and coat, instead of Fashion's cut;
I want no 'castles in the air,' build me a Freeman's hut;
Give me my brogans and my cane—my cane of giant height;
Let me be panoplied to-day in mail of steel to write;
Give me my spectacles of green—my saddle strong and wide,
I will upon a war-horse fierce to Mount Parnassus ride;
Give me the strength of Freeman's lungs, no lady's gentle song
Is mine to-day—a manly note—a note that's wild and strong!

"The wide-chapeau was given him—by Quaker hatter made,
The long-boots nail'd in ev'ry point by bold *St. Crispin's* trade;
No palace built in air was his—his very smoke was fire,
And ev'ry cloud that turn'd to air made the skies a story high'r;
His spectacles of green were brought—through which he compass'd all;
The days of War and Pestilence through Time from Adam's fall—
He did upon a fierce war-horse ride to Parnassus' height,
And found its glory there obscur'd by this new-fangled wight—
New fangled wight of no degree, of no bold creed or school—
The veriest thing that e'er was penn'd by Infidel or Fool.
'I have you on the hip' my man,—now you must fall or I;
For on this issue you must yield or by it I must die!
Have your new 'Novel' introduced—your country and its throng
Of brilliant writers all eclips'd in Venal tales and song!
No! never let so foul a stain on our Escutcheon fall;
Ye men of Letters and ye sons of Liberty, and all
Who stand up for our tamest prose and sickly season'd rhyme,
Let not this foul attempt of his be printed in our time."

Cooper's Novels,

Vol. 1, *Page* LAST.

"'Tis sometime since I wrote in measured pace—
My pen and wanderings have been in the trace—
The one almost a jaded, jolted thing;
The other something like the 'WING AND WING;'
But as you ask me to give you a word
Or something else about this gosling bird
Which has just lit upon your nestling shelf,
I'll try the task without a word of self!

"Most odd it opens! with a chapter blunt—
A Page like this should never be in front—
A PELHAM hero of the BULWER school;
Why not begin with LEATHER STOCKING'S rule,
And give us something in the strong-hose line,
Or Indian warrior dressed in leggings fine?
Why open with the sun—why not the storm?
A sailor hero with a stalwart form!

"Do you expect a book like this 'to take?'
Why JAMES or I a thousand such could make—
Oh! faulty pen, to write such stuff as this,
As if all characters were made of bliss
Within the world, and not a soul was here
To rouse the feelings or bring forth a tear!
Oh! tame and shallow thing, why not create
An ocean deep to dip out depths of Fate?
Why not have hero's of the sea-gull style
To *gull* the Public while they please the while?
Why not instead of lady's fine at ease
Have squaws in blankets red the men to please?

Instead of carriages and horses fine
Why not have harness'd up ships of the line,
And drive them through two shallow volumes space,
Apollo running with the sun a race!

"Oh! cruel days that ever should descend
Upon this nation great the taste to mend—
Oh! that a GOLDEN AGE would come around
When IRVING *min'd* and PAULDING gold-dust found.
Oh! that the days of HALLECK and the hour
When Genius found its soul o'erthrown with pow'r,
And 'pocket full of rocks' would fly along,
And stone these Moderns from our ancient throng.

"Would that these Goths and Vandals who have come
Upon our quiet days would wander home
Unto their native wilds, and humbly reap
Their harvest green and in the backwoods keep,
And not fall rushing on us in our time
With savage prose and crude barbarian rhyme!
Oh! that the days when YANKEE-DOM was young,
And 'Freedom *shrieked*' when JOEL BARLOW *sung*—
When all the great and little fishes in
The sea of letters dipp'd their tiny fin,
Or rather when the eagle and the wren,
'Of feathered songsters' pick'd each other's pen—
O! that these days we could in 'marble bind'
A monument to each gigantic mind—
But, alas! these (p)ages all have fled,
And nothing now remains but *columns* dead."

When this "lament," borne on the wings of Time,
From COOPER'S age to our degenerate time,
Had died away, another caught the strain,
And struck his harp in this "autumnal" vein:

"Before the age when Letters took a flight,
And with their '*Raven*' pinions set in night—
Before the sunny hour 'YOUNG ALPINE'S Muse
Threw flakes of song to melt before his 'VIEWS,'
Before the day that LOWELL rose *incog.*
And with a 'FABLE' set the town agog—
Before the ages past and longer days,
LONGFELLOW'S lines began to lengthen lays—
Before the taste arose to linger o'er
The words NA-THAN-I-CALLY strung and more—
Before my own strong muse was forc'd to bend
Its soaring pinions and to earth descend,
Confirming in its own immortal birth,
How true it is 'Earth's children cling to Earth!'
Before the 'market' and the mental stock
Arose inflated with a roaring flock
Of 'bulls' and 'bears' that asked the shamble price,
To slaughter taste and cater vile to vice—
Before the age of 'MYSTERIES' and crime,
That springs from Genius curs'd before its time—
Before the Molochs of the '*Trade*' had sway
To sacrifice the human mind to pay,
And spurn the offer of each effort bold,
Whose road to sin had not been strewn by gold—
Before the day that all the fearful crew
Of 'Mysteries' on wings of poison flew,
From England's shores and France's fever'd land,
To teach us morals with a sinful hand—
Before they came like mental paupers o'er,
And threw their vice in genius on our shore!
Before they ruined youth and gave to shame
A virgin's face to mask a wanton's name—

Before they threw o'er 'FASHION' a disguise,
To cover frailties from a husband's eyes—
Before they o'er our manners wrought control,
That spoke the noble in the manly soul—
Before these 'evil days' had fallen dark,
This bird of passage might have found an ark!"

Here BRYANT fell like his own forest oak,
His pen was not his woodman's axe's stroke—
He took a draft from out his "FOUNTAIN" brook,
And then a "snooze" from his own "DREAM" he took;
And while he there was sleeping, on him crept
Old RIP VAN WINKLE who had soundly slept
Some twenty-years, until our PUTNAM's name
Brought him to life and back again to Fame.
Old RIP he took the axe which BRYANT held,
And with one stroke the giant oak was fell'd—
Then making it into a giant pen,
He roam'd the wilds of Literature again—
Turn'd BRYANT's "FOUNTAIN" into pools of ink,
And thus enchained the "MOUNTAIN" link by link.

Sleepy Hollow,

Sketch, the Broken Heart,

Page the Millionth.

"But let it pass, the flood that sweeps the land,
Shall wash the diamonds from the golden sand!
The sun will rise again and shining o'er
This world of Letters all its radiance pour—
The mind triumphant from its dark abyss
Will like the Mountain oaks the Heavens kiss.

And spurn the foul embrace of earth and throw
Light from the Gods on kindred souls below—
Let those who wield a pen or voice of power
Arouse their spirits to the coming hour!
Let not the manly in the timid heart
Be cow'd in fear to take a Freeman's part;
Let all our souls arous'd in this great cause,
Be strong to make for MIND, as matter, laws!
"Are we too feeble in our strength to wield
A steel of fire, that we must tamely yield?
Are we so slavish that our minds will rise,
And, spurning earth in scorn, will dare the skies,
And yet be bound in chains by slavish men—
Who, crouching—dreading—yet enslave the pen?
Shall we for man and not our children speak,
In Freedom's cause be strong, our own be weak—
Shall ev'ry trade have laws to guard its right
Except the writer's, who has none *to write?*
Shall we be bound Promctheus-like in chains,
With hordes of vultures feeding on our brains?
A curse pronounced by earth and man more dread
Than that of Heaven upon the Heathen's head,
Which taking bowels in mercy spar'd the head!
"But modern vultures have an antique taste,
They never thoughts of fire on stomachs waste;
The only thing which troubles them or pains
Is whether stomachs empty are well fill'd with brains."

Here ceas'd in epigram "OLD RIP'S" lament—
Wit follow'd pathos with a natural bent;
Just as he ended THANATOPSIS woke,
In time to relish "RIP VAN WINKLE'S" joke,

Indulging which they both together start,
Like two fine volumes bound in one good heart;
When I had read these great "opinions" o'er,
I found some half a dozen left or more—
They were from "CRITICS," READERS, "NOTES OF BOOKS,"
A "writing class" who're "hangers-on" to "hooks,"
Who learn the pot-hook style and "hangers" in
The art of writing bad, and then begin
To *teach* the art to others from the school,
Where they were taught to play the ape or fool—
Men who have tried their *wit* to raise a laugh,
In heavy column or light paragraph,
But fall in *pathos* under their great load,
Bleeding themselves while they would others goad.

It was not short enough for PARAGRAPH,
It should be short, like his own Epitaph:
"In scalping authors in a cutting note,
The knife it madly slipp'd and cut his throat."

It was not *long* enough for "READER" bright,
His *ears of length* uprising at the sight—
A book that's small in size is sure to fail—
I'd rather plot destroy than *cut the tail.*

It is not *bright* enough for "CRITIC" fine,
Whose feathers gay through peacock plumage shine;
This book to take with me or drones of ease,
Should bore with lore and not with passion please.

Big-e-Low-ell,
Paper 1, *Fable*, 1849.

"Now march'd in procession some writers I claim,
Whose title to greatness has written them Fame—

And because they come last it is not I am sure,
They are less than the first or more of a bore.
I beg-in at the beg-in-ing and that is myself,
Who have written a book sure not laid on the shelf,
But which I believe, in the nature of things,
Will put some people there and upset some kings,
Whose thrones have been tott'ring for some length of time.
On volumes of prose and tyrannical rhyme—
I'll give them a thrust in the *Wit*-tier rib,
And make them remember the edge of my 'glib'—
I'm a mere volunteer in Reforms of the day,
I've nothing to ask and but little to say,
Unless it is this—and *that* is The Truth,
Tho' my rhyme be at fault and my language uncouth;
I care not for rival be he king or a fool,
If his palace is sloth or his mind a footstool—
I'll have him to know, tho' it should not be said,
That the pen that's kill'd thousands itself can be slay'd—
The man who in war has set armies to flight,
Can be kill'd by a man who has ne'er seen a fight!
These truths we should learn, be they pleasant or sad,
Our deeds are all worse when our reason is bad."

Headley's Sermons,

Text, Battle of the Cow-(pens,)

Verse, Washington and his Generals.

I.

"The slight allusion to the fight,
Brought out the Rev. Marshal Headley—
Who disliking ev'ry thing in peace,
Is very fond of things most deadly;

So mounting one of his war-horses,
He made a tilt at Mr. Fable,
Who, with one of his long-rhyming tosses,
Sent him back into the stable.

II.

"But Marshal H. was not to be
So easily plac'd *hors du combat;*
So mounting straight another steed,
He look'd a soldier *a la sombre;*
That is, he wore a *Marshal* suit
Of black, with *Reg*-imental collar,
And for a pul-pit us'd a horse,
And made a flock of soldiers follow.

III.

"He always rode the same war-horse,
Whether he preach'd at Bunker Hill, or
Fought a sermon on The Mount,
With Marshal Ney or Marshal Murat!
Napoleon fierce at Waterloo,
Or Washington in any battle,
Is just the same with Marshal H.,
He always sounds the same war rattle!

IV.

"But this is like 'ye Reverend men,'
Who preach one text on every sermon—
You never change the tone, much less
The language, be it French or German—
The sermon same that's preach'd to-day,
Will answer for the coming Sunday's,

Whether it be a *text* from Ney,
Or from the Lane that's Scott's and Lundy's.

v.

"But, ne'ertheless, he is a man
Of nature pure—ambition noble—
He merely gets upon these steeds
Of fancy high to ride a foible—
His books they're read—(what's more they pay),
And this small pass he can afford,
So here's my hand, my Reverend friend,
Or here's my pistol or my sword!"

I would with Headley end this war of ink,
Were it not that others form a martial link
Within this chain of Empire—and to name
Their works with his will be Napoleon's fame!

Who comes next? Alfieri? Dante? No!
But some one in the Italian school of Woe,
Or Love—or War—or something mad or great,
Or something else in Church, in Court, or State—
Who 's 't? Columbus? No! Who then—Petrarch?
No! not so high, but yet a soaring lark,
Who's plac'd before the world in statue high,
The names of men all towering to the sky—
But not content with letting them alone,
He's tried his hand from ink to work in stone!
Yes, taken down Alfieri from his bust
Of Parian art, and brush'd away the dust
Of Italy's bright age, and caught the high,
Exalted notes that swell beneath her sky;

Yes, he hath caught—the bard I speak of now—
Th' Italian's fire, and press'd it on the brow,
The cold, calm brow, of great Columbia's shore,
To melt in lava words its frigid lore.
But not alone in these our bard has sung,
Italia's beauties with our English tongue—
(I call him bard, altho' he never rhymes,
Yet sings a song in metres like the chimes
Of Trinity's great church-bell which, away
Up in the Heavens, sounds its sonorous lay—
The greatest bard in all of Gotham's throng,
That preaches sermons while it sings a song),
And Lester wound up to his steeple's height,
Sounds his loud bell and takes his pen to write;
A great adorer of all soaring things,
From steeples high, to bards with pigeon wings;
Whose warmth of feeling carries to excess
The Statesman's daring faults, and Sculptors less—
A man of impulse as his works will show,
Too quick to reason cool, or measure slow
The deeds of tamer natures, less controll'd
By impulse strong to strengthen actions bold.

Oh! Italy, what wrongs of thine are told
By aged bards and Statesmen trebly bold!
What waves of Time have roll'd upon thy shore,
And wash'd the blood commingling with thy gore!
What rays of Hope have not thy skies diffus'd,
When other Nations o'er thy ruins mus'd!
Thou did'st the buried urn and sculptor'd bust
Of Freedom's ashes raise from out the dust,

And consecrated to the age which gave
The pious hero of thy land to save!
What was the spell which o'er thy altar threw
A "living witness" to the "trembling few?"
Was it the host of God—or God of Host,
That rous'd thy spirit—or sent forth thy ghost
To wander 'midst the shades of haunted Rome,
To find again with thee a living home.
Was't from the Cæsar's to the Pontiff's hand
The sword was giv'n to rule the blessed land—
Or was the consecrated wafer laid,
On thy pale lips to mock thine ancient shade,
Re-kindling life within thy sacred heart,
And make thee buried act a living part?
The poet sung of thee and hail'd the day,
When thou should'st rise to life in "Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictur'd page,"* all else should stand,
A monument to thy devoted land—
But Liberty had taken life again,
And from her Roman lyre had caught a strain
That echoed o'er the seas, and rais'd the crest
Of fallen Freedom in the Gallic breast!

What Reformation hast thou witness'd here,
The Pope turn'd mourner at thy funeral bier!
The Politician in the sacred vest,
The cross of Freedom surplic'd on the breast—
What Luther wrought for Church, Pius for State,
Hath dar'd the curse from his own Papal gate!

---

* Lord Byron.

Saint Peter! what an act to look upon
From thy high seat on thy degenerate son!—
What transubstantiation of thy power,
To yield thy keys in this unhallow'd hour—
Oh! modern Romans what a curse hast thou
Incurr'd in wrath upon thine ancient brow!
Ye who were nestled as the pure elect,
Whose rights of man should stand despite of sect,
For you to turn—ye traitors! to your creed—
And smite the hand that bless'd and gave the deed—
The deed of grace!—for all thy sins of earth,
Since Freedom nurtur'd on thy soil had birth!
Where wilt thou look for absolution—when
Receive forgiveness from the hands of men?
  Or has the Pope turn'd traitor to thy state,
And left thee bleeding—struggling to thy fate?
Is it for sins pontifically done,
That thou has made him from his Pope-dom run,
And sent him weeping to that sinful spot,
Where trampled freemen find a place to rot?—
That worse than purgatory of the Free
Where proud Napoli bends her bleeding knee—
The realm of Ferdinand, to suffer there,
Until thy acts are all absolv'd by pray'r.

  Ho! what is here? Ye Gods and little men,
A critique short from Doctor Griswold's pen;
Look out! ye locomotive train, or I
Will "blow you up" with this some volumes high.
  "I want admittance!" "Where?"—"Why in your book
Of Poetry or Prose!" "There 's not a nook,

Nor corner left!" "No Poets new, nor works
Of fiction bad within my Parish lurks—
I've not a pew to rent—the last I gave
In charity to one I wish'd to save
From this dark world's abiding sense of shame,
And so prepar'd it for the world of Fame."
"There's Hillhouse's place—you can safely give
Me his abode, I'm sure he does not live?"
"But then he wants a resting-place when dead!"
"That's very true—but why not lay his head
Where Willis' lies—I think he's living yet?"
"Why, to be sure—the darling poet's pet!"
"What is this book of your's, my Doctor, dear?"
"A book of native Poets—all who're here
Have had a day of song—of sinful song,
And I the sinners have redeem'd from wrong—
Many are sinners of the darkest dye.
There's Morris now (this is 'tween you and I),
The 'gay Lothario' of Anacreon's Muse;
Tom Moore in dumps, and 'Cupid' in the blues!"
"Of Halleck what think you?" "Of Halleck?—why,
A loving bard between a chill and sigh—
Modest at first, but give him once a start,
His arrow barb'd with soul strikes to the heart!"
"How's't with Bryant—all up with him I fear,
A lingering autumn o'er a dying ear—
The soul wrapp'd up in shrouds of fading leaves,
That moans through woods and o'er the city grieves."
So on—so on—I cannot follow through
The length of half the Doctor's sinful crew.

Then came the "Female Poets" of the Land—
"Doctor," said I, "here is a better band—
How would it do for one unknown to sin,
To ask these 'gentle ones' to take me in?"
"You!" "I'm but a Manuscript all unknown—
A Helicon* to Fame—not yet full grown—
Why put me down—you cannot find a place
Among the men to show my 'artless' face?
Among the ladies fair—perhaps I'd take--
With brilliant ones who have light books to make."
"For neither you will do," the Doctor said;
"How would you look in prose with poets wed?"
"There's Miss F., who makes great minds her pets—
A man in thought dress'd up in pantalettes."
"And L. H. S. the 'Belle of our Time,'
In purest thought and gentle swelling rhyme."

"And she the Clio of the patriot age,
That nerv'd the woman as it tried the sage†—
The fair historian of the darksome hour,
Has blended grace with woman's nervous pow'r—
That hour that prov'd the mother's love the same
As when she watch'd beside the flick'ring flame,
And pray'd to God to guard the youthful hand,
That grasp'd the sword for Freedom's cause and land!"

Like the soft breast that breathes above the heart
Of sleeping beauty is the Poet's art,
When it receives a touch from Woman's hand,
To sway the Minstrel's with a fairy's wand!

---

* The "artless Helican I boast is youth." See Critique criticised in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."
† Mrs. Ellet's Women of the Revolution.

Not slumbering deep, like Man's impassion'd soul,
That writhes in anguish strong nor brooks control,
But gently slumbers, and in sighs reveals,
The burning pangs the heart consuming feels—
No thought impure—but virgin-like it flies
With angel-wings above the star-lit skies,
And as a pray'r that's breath'd from sinful earth,
Tho' "born of woman" claims immortal birth!

Here goes a shot—a "Field Sport," scattering fire
Upon some others of the "feather'd choir;"
Here's Forrester (not Fanny) but *the* Frank
Who hunts and writes on bright passaic's bank—
He's not Diana—tho' he loves the chase,
And "runs off a book" as he would run a race.

When ask'd a *Frank* opinion of my book—
He from his hunting belt an inkhorn took—
And blowing it, like Fame, with thund'ring sound,
A pack of author hounds came at a bound,
All ready for the chase—the game was scar'd,
And "high" and "low," "shag-tail'd" and "glossy ear'd,"
Were there in numbers set upon the train,
All *wagging* like their *tails*—all pleas'd to pain!

Grey Sleyer was there—a graceful forest hound,
On whose blood neck Charles Hoffman's name was found;
It had "stray'd away" from Classic Fenno, who
Has advertis'd it in some volumes two.

Frank whistled shrill, and up jump'd, with a yell,
A blood-hound fierce, whose name I cannot tell;
But if you'd know to whom this hound belongs,
Just let his teeth once clutch your tales or songs—
A "cross" of wit, of taste, of spleen, of rigs
Is Harry Franco, Pepper, and Tom Br——gs.

There was Fanny Forrester, like a fawn,
To trip o'er "Author Land" through wood or lawn;
Who had from Mrs. Chubbuck stray'd away,
And then by Willis caught in verse one day;
And then by Herbert stol'n—(a deed of shame!)
To which amend she chang'd her maiden name.*

There was Grace Greenwood fair—the gentle Grace—
(Her collar wrought with silk inlaid with lace!)
But who's the owner of this precious pet
I cannot say—not having seen her yet;
All these were in the chase—and I was run
Down like a stag—with hound, and steed, and gun!

Since Forrester has turn'd a hunter bold,
He has to "Sportsmen" all his "Novels" sold,
Who, melting down the heavy parts to shot,
Have made the powder from the flinty plot!

The "Poet's chase" being o'er, a brilliant row
Of volumes fair came tripping in, "in Co.,"

* *I. e.* got married.

The firm of Mrs. Letters, with their sign
Of Magazines, and tales in ev'ry line;
('Tis strange, but shows the female muse in teens,
In christ'ning baby-things in *Maggy*-zines),
The Godmammas of all the suckling throng,
In infant prattling prose, and lisping song—
The hush-a-by-baby-on-the-tea-top-vein,
The bug-a-boo style, and the riding-hood strain—
With pretty little feet, and pinafore,
In learning how to walk, if nothing more.

After the infants of the little frock,
Then came "opinions" from a kindred flock—
The A's—the B's—the J. E. T.'s, and D's,
The Alphabet all taught to tease and please,
In Rudiments the first of Poetry,
Before it spell'd in syllables of three!

Amidst this throng were many, if not more,
As great in strength as bardlings hatch'd before;
The soaring thought breath'd through the modest name,
The unfledg'd Eagle yet unus'd to Fame!
And yet like "city snobs" who shoot the best
Of breeding game ere it is hatch'd from nest;
The critic "snob," with "ill-bred gun and dog,"
Will kill these bantlings as they would a frog!
There should a law—"a game law,"—stern and strong
Be made to guard these goslings green from harm.

Now to conclude: Should I again let fall
In prose—in poetry—in Manuscript—or all,

A Novel startling, or a Poem tame,
You must not scorn it on the score of Fame!
Remember me until I come in length,
Grown up like MATHEWS' and in COOPER'S strength—
Till then I throw this to the heedless throng,
"*To point a Moral, or adorn a song.*"

THE END.

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